The Chase of Trust

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The Chase of Trust

by Redlineriot

Summary

Hannibal and Will return to the United States much sooner than they should have, and now the cops are on their tail and Will is convinced Hannibal doesn't have a plan.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“Hannibal!” Will spat his name like a curse word as he reached out for any surface to hold onto.

Hannibal looked over at Will, his mouth turned up in the slightest of grins. He looked so calm and collected, much different from Will’s panicked state of mind.

“What was it I kept telling you?” Hannibal asked, his voice like a patch of calm water amidst a sea of churning white-caps.

“Keep your eyes on the fucking road!” This time Will really did curse, but it served its purpose. His knuckles began to grow white as he gripped the handle above his seat, his other hand pushed against the dashboard as a weak attempt to help keep him in place.

Hannibal chuckled lightly and shook his dead. “No, my dear boy, I don’t think that was it at all. I believe I’ve told you many times that you worry too much. Life would be smooth sailing if you learned to loosen up once in a while; Free yourself from that depressive routine you’ve gotten yourself into.”

Will groaned and muttered under his breath, counting back to the multiple times Hannibal had told him that he worried too much. He’ll admit, he carried an unusually heavy burden when it came to keeping his life on track. But right now, as they barreled down an open desert road, Will felt that he had the right to worry.

Will glanced over at the man who currently held Will’s life in his hands. Hannibal sat up, his back straight, with both hands wrapped loosely around the steering wheel. While he appeared to be relaxed and content, Will knew that the gas pedal was flush with the floor. He knew that Hannibal was constantly glancing in the rearview mirror, wondering when the sirens would catch up with them. He knew that Hannibal was thinking the same thing he was: *Why can’t this car go any faster?*

“When I said I would trust you this is *not* what I had in mind,” Will murmured, his eyes remaining locked on the vast countryside ahead of them.

He hated himself for having just one too many glasses of wine that fateful night.

Hannibal sat crosslegged on the couch across from Will and he twirled the wine glass between his fingers, the dark red liquid swirling around inside. His eyes had followed Will from the moment Will found himself standing from his chair all the way until he ended up sitting next to Hannibal on the faded sofa.

“Do you trust me, Will?” Hannibal asked, his eyes no longer on Will but instead on the small amount of wine that remained in his glass.

Will leaned into the couch, his head tilting up towards the ceiling. “Mmm, I think so.”

Hannibal had scrunched up his face when Will said this. “You think so? Surely you must have a more definitive answer.”

Will shrugged lazily and chuckled lightly. His brain was clouded with not only the usual voices and noise but with the side effects of a rather large bottle of wine as well.

When Will didn't respond, Hannibal continued. "Would you trust me even if you knew my intentions were wrong? If you knew the plan was going to fail?"

Will glanced over at Hannibal, who had shed himself of his suit hours ago. He was dressed much more casually now, just pants and a T-shirt. There was something about Hannibal that made Will want to be near him- even if he knew it was bad for him. Hannibal was like a toxic drug that very few people survive being addicted to.

"Yes. I would trust you with… with everything you said," Will's words had become slurred now and he grinned dopily at Hannibal.

"Is that a promise?"

Will laid his head down in Hannibal's lap and looked up at him with his bright blue eyes. He nodded his head.

"Yes, well, trust comes in many different forms," Hannibal interrupted Will's thoughts just as the sounds of police sirens flooded the air.

"Oh my God," Will stuttered out, "We're going to jail. We're going to go to jail."

Hannibal didn't seem bothered by this fact. Both of them had been inmates at the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane, but surely if they were caught now they would be sentenced to some maximum-security prison on a secret island in the middle of the ocean. How long could one be locked behind bars for faking their death, fleeing the country, and being mass murderers?

Will turned around in his seat and looked out the back window of their stolen car. There were at least four different sets of flashing lights following them and at this rate Will was sure a helicopter would appear.

"I told you we shouldn't have come back to America," Will said, his eyes still glued on the police cars behind them. They were slowly catching up.

"Yes, that was rather doltish of me- I should have trusted you. Tell me, Will, do you trust me right now?" Hannibal's voice didn't waiver once, despite the fact that the car was going at top speed and there were police quickly gaining ground behind them.

"Do I trust you?" Will barked, "Not at this particular moment in time, no."

"Pull over and get on the ground!" A loud voice yelled through a microphone from one of the cop cars, it didn't matter which one.

Will got settled in his seat again and came to terms with his fate. They would split the pair up, which Will would be okay with. Hannibal had gotten them into this mess in the first place and he was not looking forward to the aftermath. He could just spend his entire life sentence being mad at Hannibal.

“Will, I need your full trust and consent to do this,” Hannibal had gripped the wheel a little tighter now and his voice had grown stern- no- urgent.

Will looked at him, skeptical. “To do what?”

When Hannibal didn’t respond, Will repeated his question. “To do what?!”

Hannibal let out a frustrated sigh and sat forward in his seat, as if leaning into the wheel would make the little car go faster.

It really was a shame that the car they happened to nab was an old Nissan Sentra. Why couldn’t someone have left the keys in a Dodge Charger instead? Or maybe a Frerari? Everyone had fantasized about speeding away from the police at one point or another, but Will was certain nobody dreamed of doing it in a 2011 Nissan Sentra that had almost every warning light on.

“William, do you trust me?”

Will thought back to all the times Hannibal had abused his trust- the time he lied to him in his dining room when he told Will that no one was there. The time he left Will bleeding on his kitchen floor. The time he sent Randell Teir to murder him. There were countless other times, but despite all the scenarios that came to mind, Will looked over at Hannibal and drew in a deep breath.

“Yes,” Will was surprised by his answer, but disturbingly enough, it was the truth.

Hannibal smiled warmly and seemed pleased with Will’s response. “Good.”

With one not-so-swift movement, the car jerked off the road and began to plow over the grassy fields. Will counted himself lucky that they were on some old desert road, otherwise he was sure Hannibal would have caused an accident by now.

Will clung to his seatbelt, praying that Hannibal had something in mind other than driving through the sandy terrain. The car jerked and jumped with every hole and divot they ran over, probably killing multiple plants in the process.

The side mirrors were filled with flashing lights and Will told himself that he needed to stop looking behind them. It was only going to make his heart rate accelerate even more.

“Hannibal,” Will’s voice was shaky, which was no surprise to him. “I am trying to convince myself that you actually have a plan in mind and you aren’t going to just drive until we run out of gas. Would you do me a solid and preferably confirm that you actually have a plan?”

“Don’t I always have a plan?”

Will figured it was best to just remain silent and trust his partner.

End Notes

Hi y'all! This is my first time ever writing for this fandom and I hope you enjoyed it. I will definitely be writing more one-shots in the future so keep an eye out for those! Make sure to tell me if you catch any spelling mistakes!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!